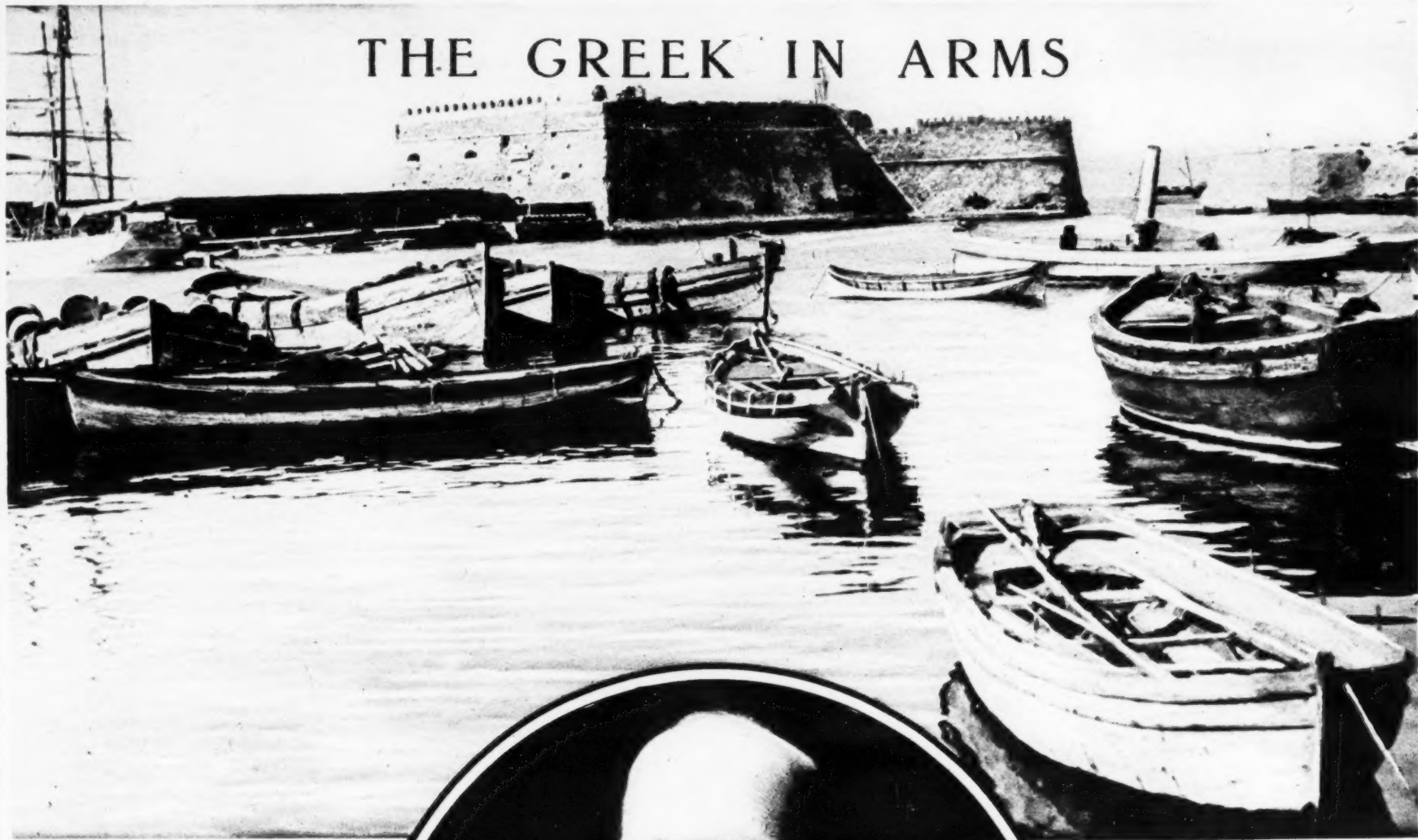


MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



The Winged Victory of Samothrace.
The Famous Greek Statue Symbolic of Vic-
tory, Which Is in the Paris Louvre Gallery.
(See Page Two.)

THE GREEK IN ARMS



THE Greek Nation in arms! Although at this writing (Sept. 29) no formal declaration of war has been issued by the Greek Government, the trend of the last forty-eight hours seems to preclude all possibility of the Greek Nation withholding any longer from participation in the European conflict.

Was it the revolution in the Island of Crete that proved the last straw? Or was it the ever-increasing conflagration of indignation of the Greek people over the seizure of the port of Kavalla and the subsequent transportation of a garrison of Greek soldiers to Germany—there to be incarcerated until the end of the war—that led to the final decision of King Constantine definitely to take sides with the Entente Allies?

Surely here is no case of a nation



KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE.

Forts on the coast of Crete, which has rebelled against the Greek Government; both Canea and Candia are fortified.

being dragged into war by its sovereign; rather the reverse! In any event the note which the cable reports tell us is being framed by the Greek Cabinet for transmission to Bulgaria should bring about a very early crystallization of the situation; and seemingly there can be but one outcome.

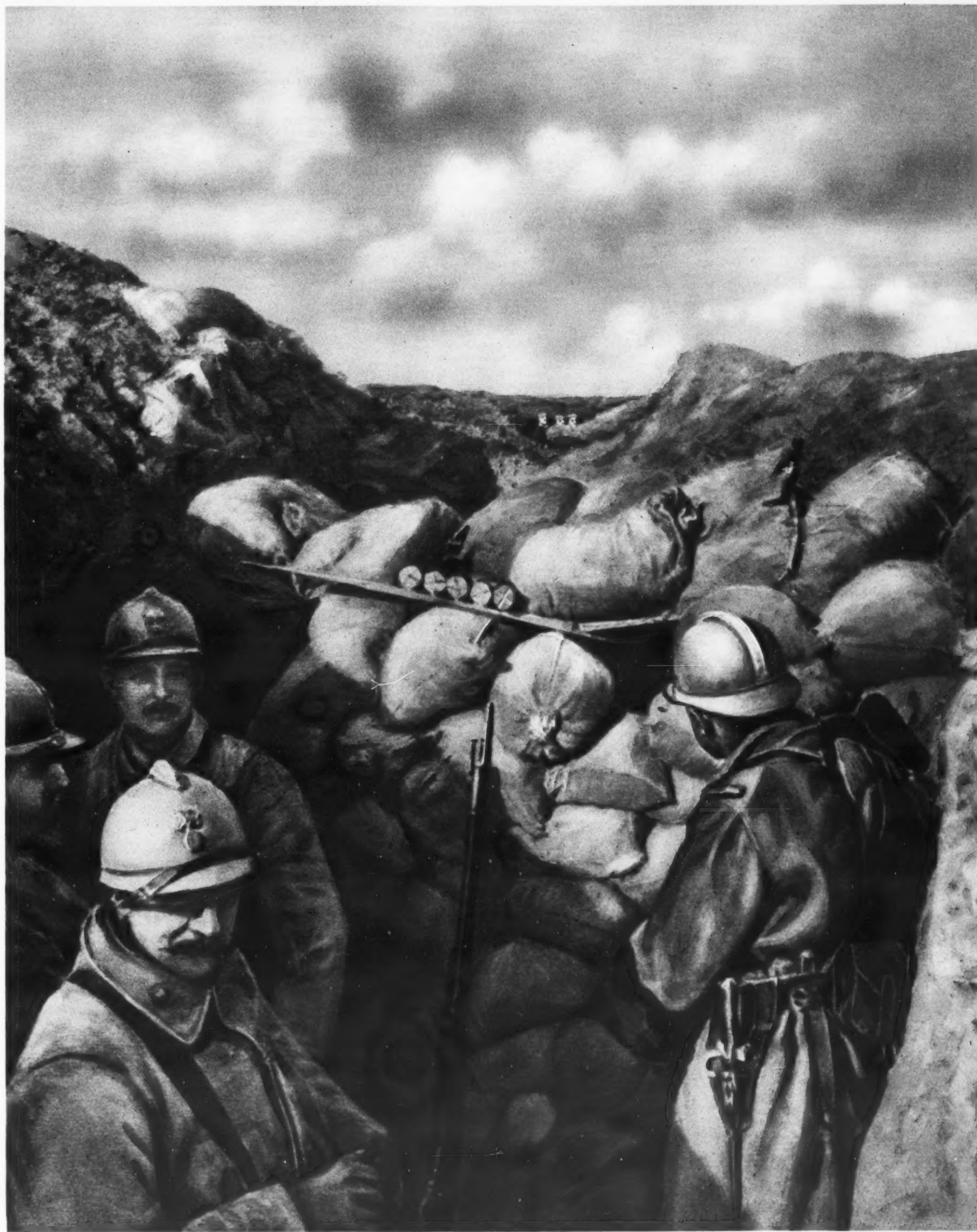
Recently at Paris, in the Louvre, an orator gathered a crowd of French soldiers before that ancient symbol of Greek triumph, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and in an outburst of patriotic fervor acclaimed the statue as a symbol of the victory soon to rest upon the Allies' banners. Is the incident significant? Is the Winged Victory about to be decorated with new Greek laurels?



CRETAN ISLANDERS DISPLAYING THEIR PATRIOTISM WITH NATIONAL FLAGS IN THEIR SHOP WINDOWS IN CANEA.

(Press Illustrating Co.)

With Only a Breastwork of Sandbags Between Them: German and French in the Same Trench

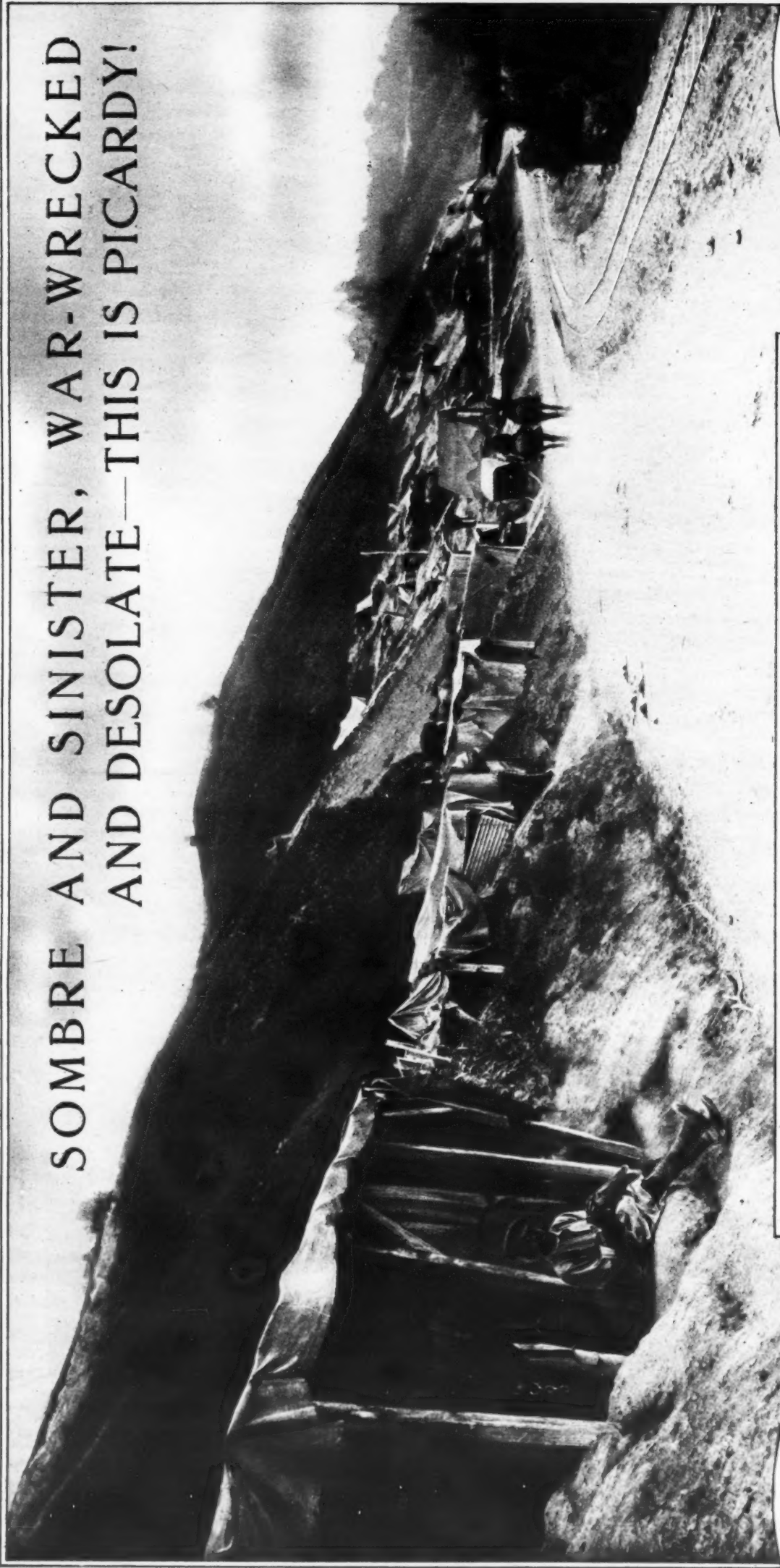


This remarkable photograph affords a graphic illustration of how close is the contact maintained sometimes by the advancing and retreating sides in trench warfare; it shows a party of French soldiers in the foreground of a German communication trench (or cross trench) extending back from the German front line trench, which the French have already captured. Across the communication trench, into their end

of which they have advanced, the French troops have built a barricade, and the Germans, at their further end of the same trench, have done likewise. The photograph, made at a moment when the French troops have orders to keep under cover, shows three of the German soldiers peeping over their not distant parapet in an effort to discover what their enemy are doing.

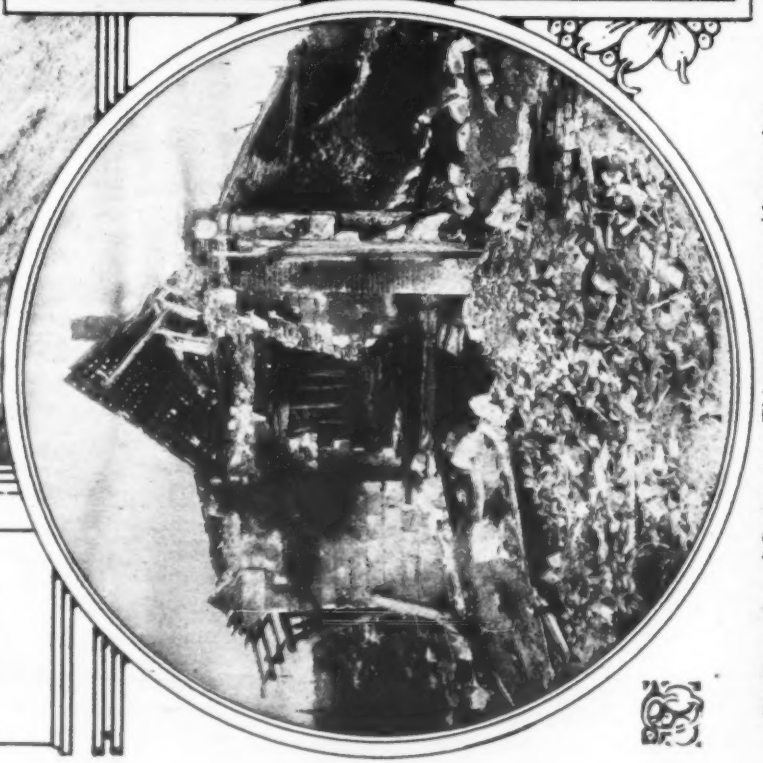
(From an Official French Photograph.)

SOMBRE AND SINISTER, WAR-WRECKED AND DESOLATE—THIS IS PICARDY!

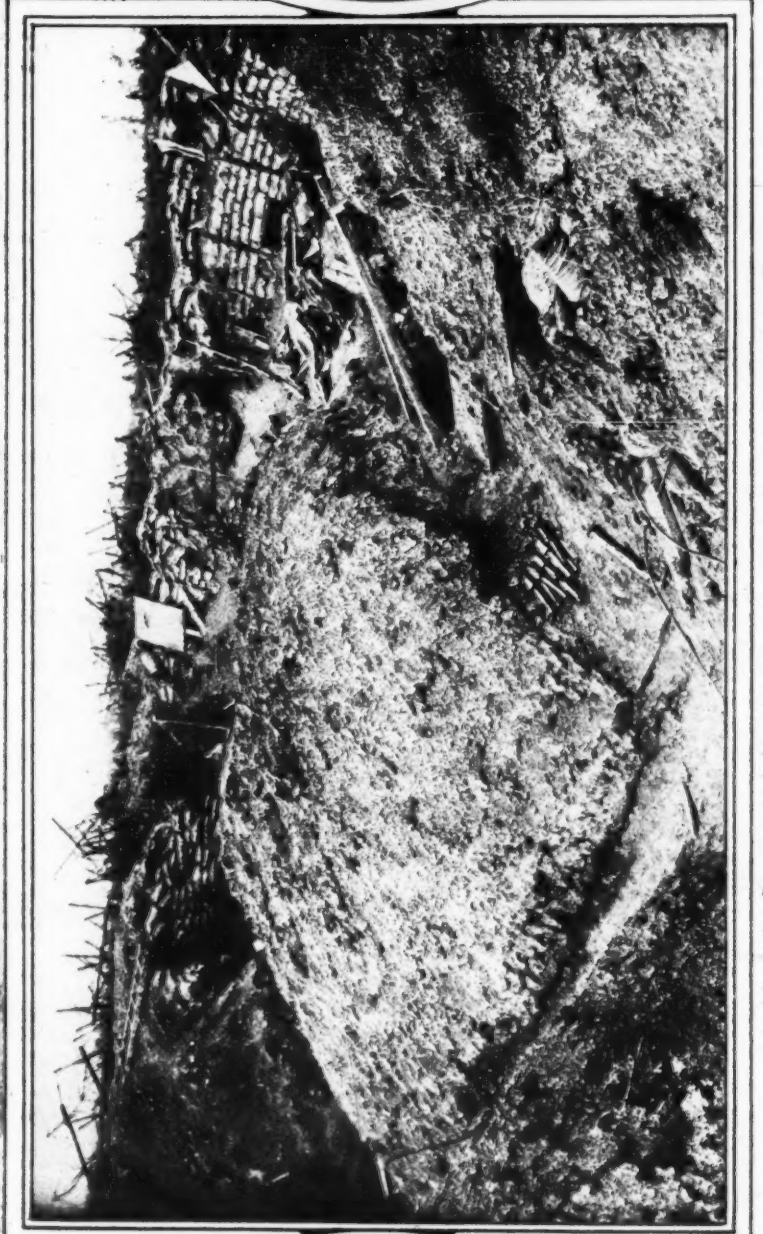


One of the many
English camps in
the Picardy
country north of
the Somme.

Every hillside
scared with
trenches, every
roadside strewn
with war's litter.



In the region of Soyecourt. This was once a residence; then an army telephone station; now it is but a mass of wreckage.



And here the Germans had dug themselves in—a first-line trench—until the French, in their latest advance, swept beyond it and left it a mere scar of a battle lost and won.



And here a commanding officer's post, protected by timbers and steel rails, was turned by the shells into a soldier's tomb.

Their home for the

Merely an outpost on the

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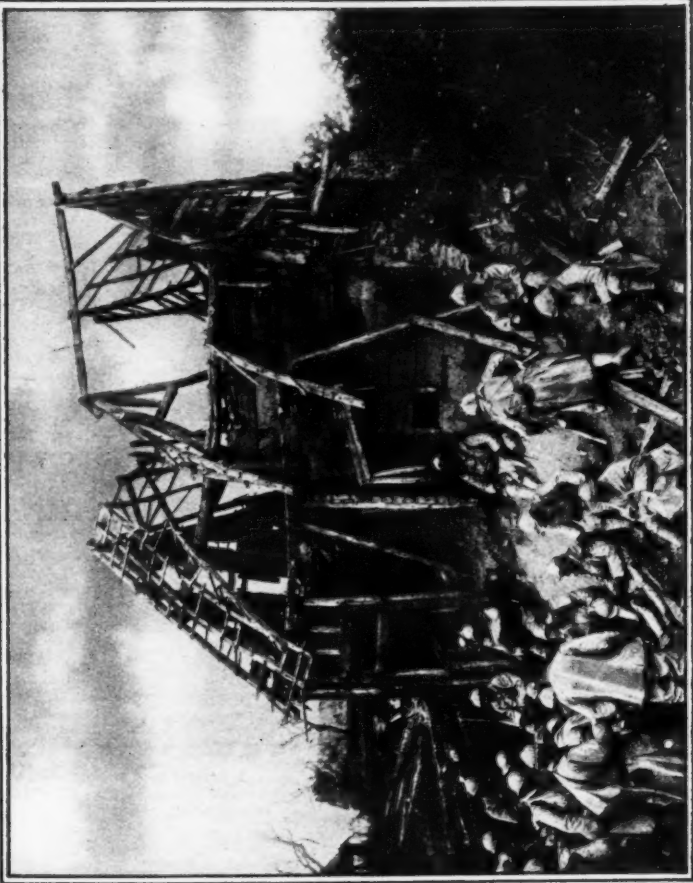
And here a commanding officer's post, protected by timbers and steel rails, was turned by the shells into a soldier's tomb.



Their home for the moment; these French soldiers rest before a dug-out wrested from their enemy, in an interlude of battle, (at left.)

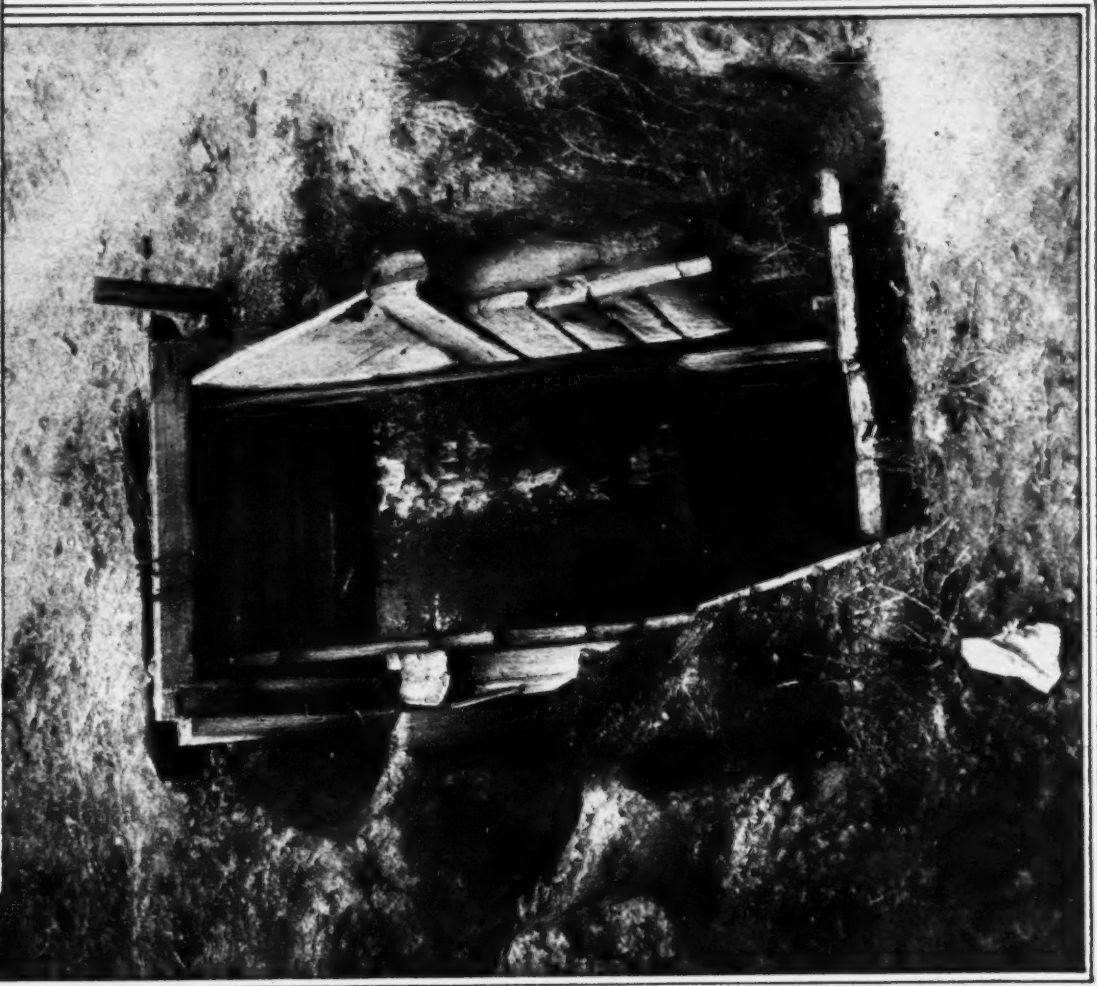


Once German, now French: a mine-crater on the first line; a sapper's tunnel in the centre.



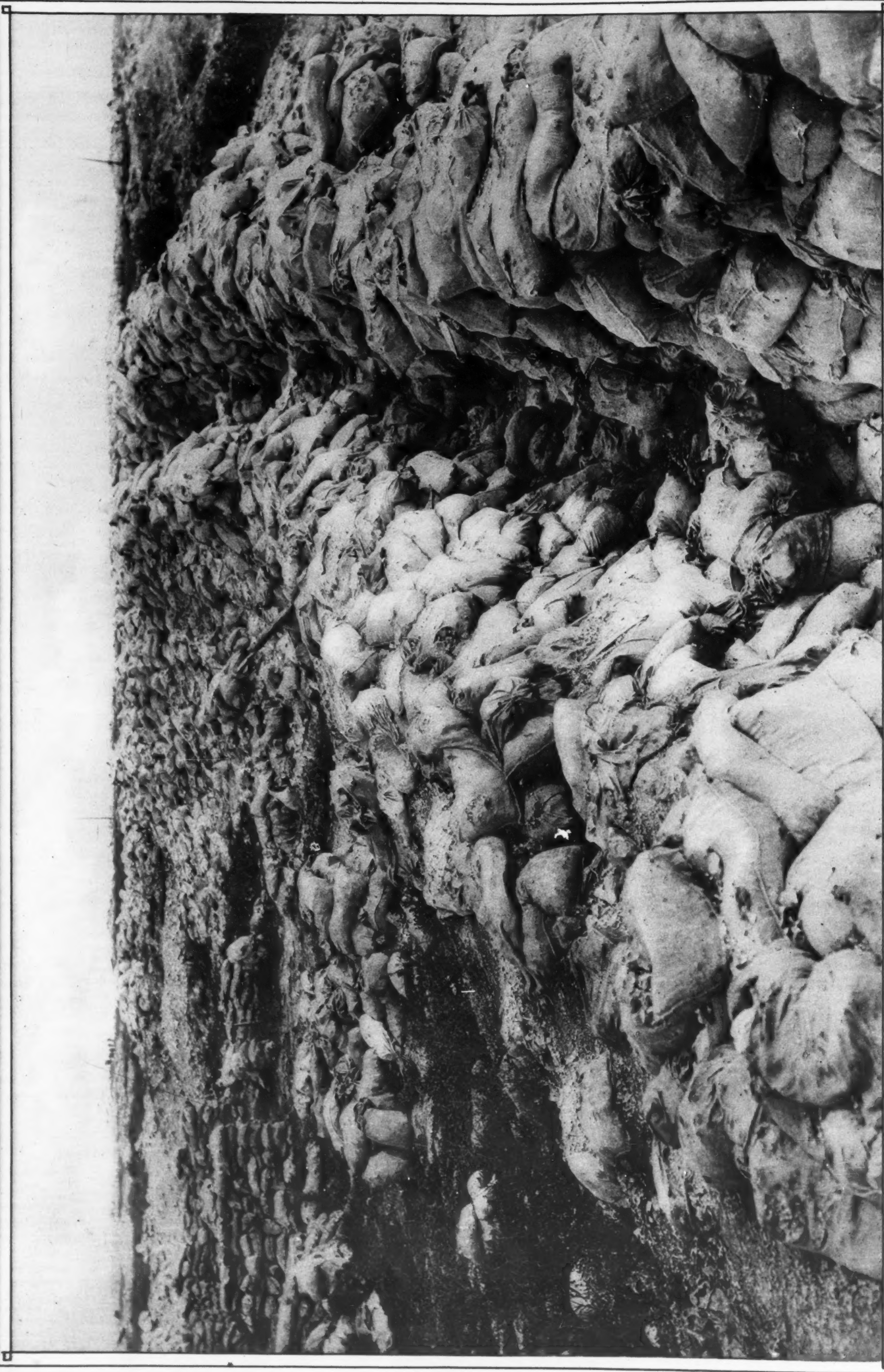
THIS WAS A GERMAN CACHE OF AMMUNITION AND TRENCH IMPLEMENTS, UNTIL A FRENCH SHELL STRUCK IT AND TURNED IT INTO A REFUSE HEAP.

(Photographs from Underwood & Underwood.)



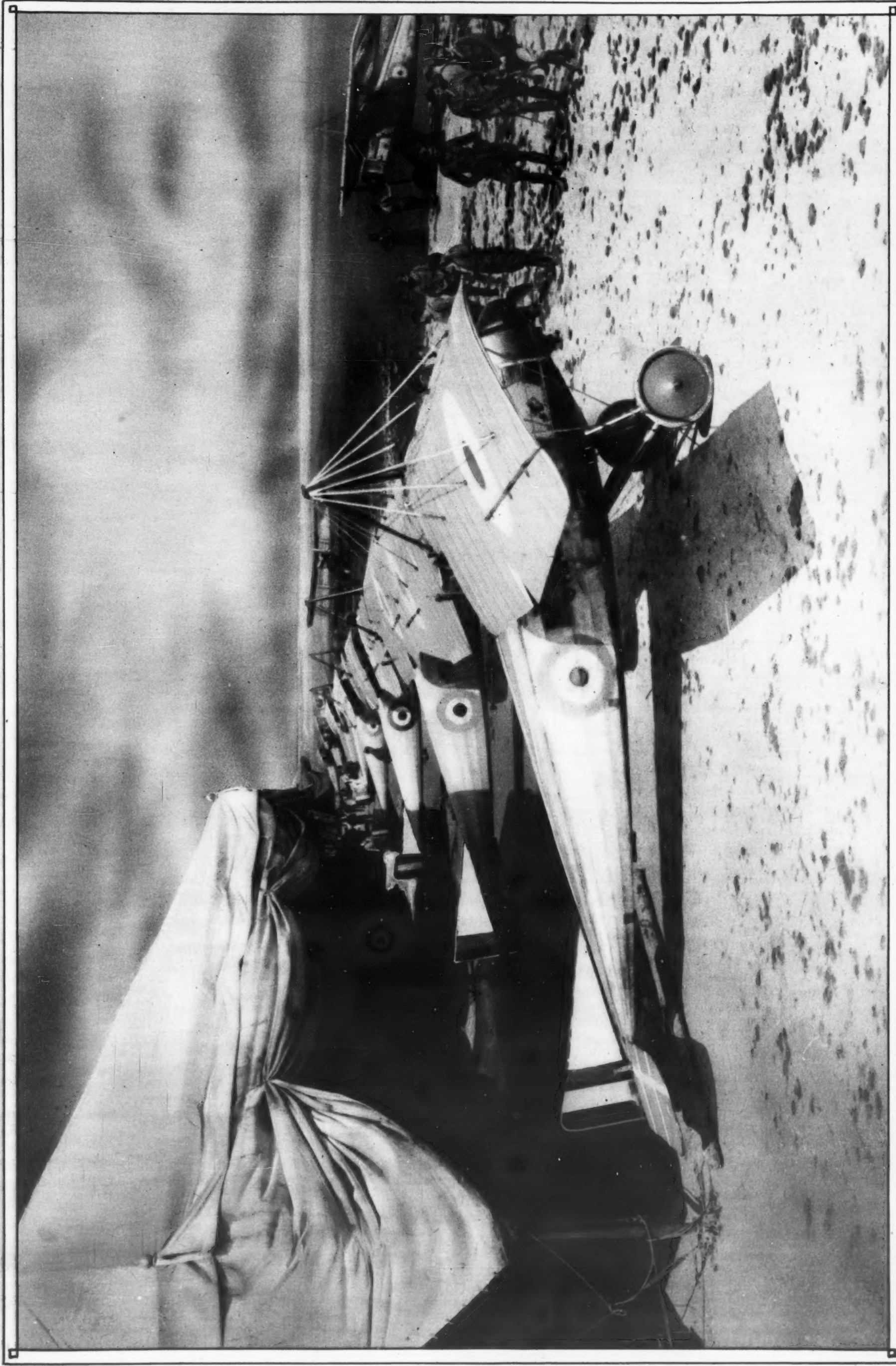
Through this doorway leads a gallery into the bowels of the earth, and here the French have established a central telephone exchange for the front.

◆ WHERE MEN DWELL IN A WORLD MADE OF SANDBAGS ◆



◆ Some idea of the enormous quantities of sandbags used in trench construction and fortification on the front in the North of France is conveyed by this photograph of an old British trench near Fricourt, from which the British line advanced at the beginning of the Somme offensive. (© International News Service.) ◆

♦ WHERE THE AIRMEN AWAIT THE COMMAND TO ADVANCE ♦



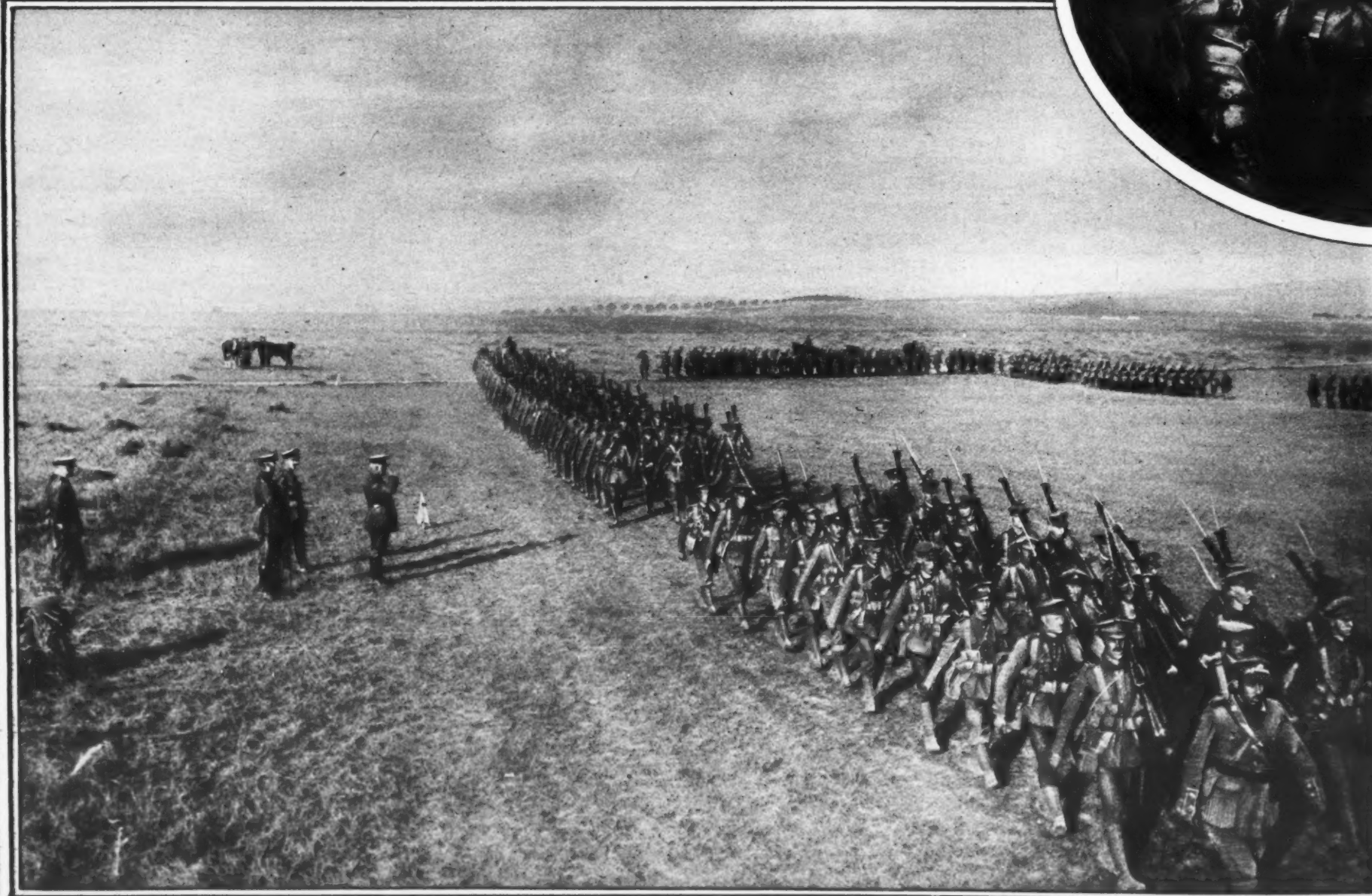
♦ AN IMPRESSIVE LINE OF FRENCH MONOPLANES READY FOR THEIR CREWS IN AN AVIATION CAMP AT THE IMMEDIATE FRONT IN NORTHERN FRANCE. ♦

(© International News Service.)

A VISIT TO THE CANADIAN TROOPS IN THE



KING GEORGE V. AND GENERAL BING ARRIVE AT
THE CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS IN PICARDY.



MAJOR GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES REVIEWS THE FIRST
BATTALION OF CANADIAN INFANTRY AT THE FRONT.



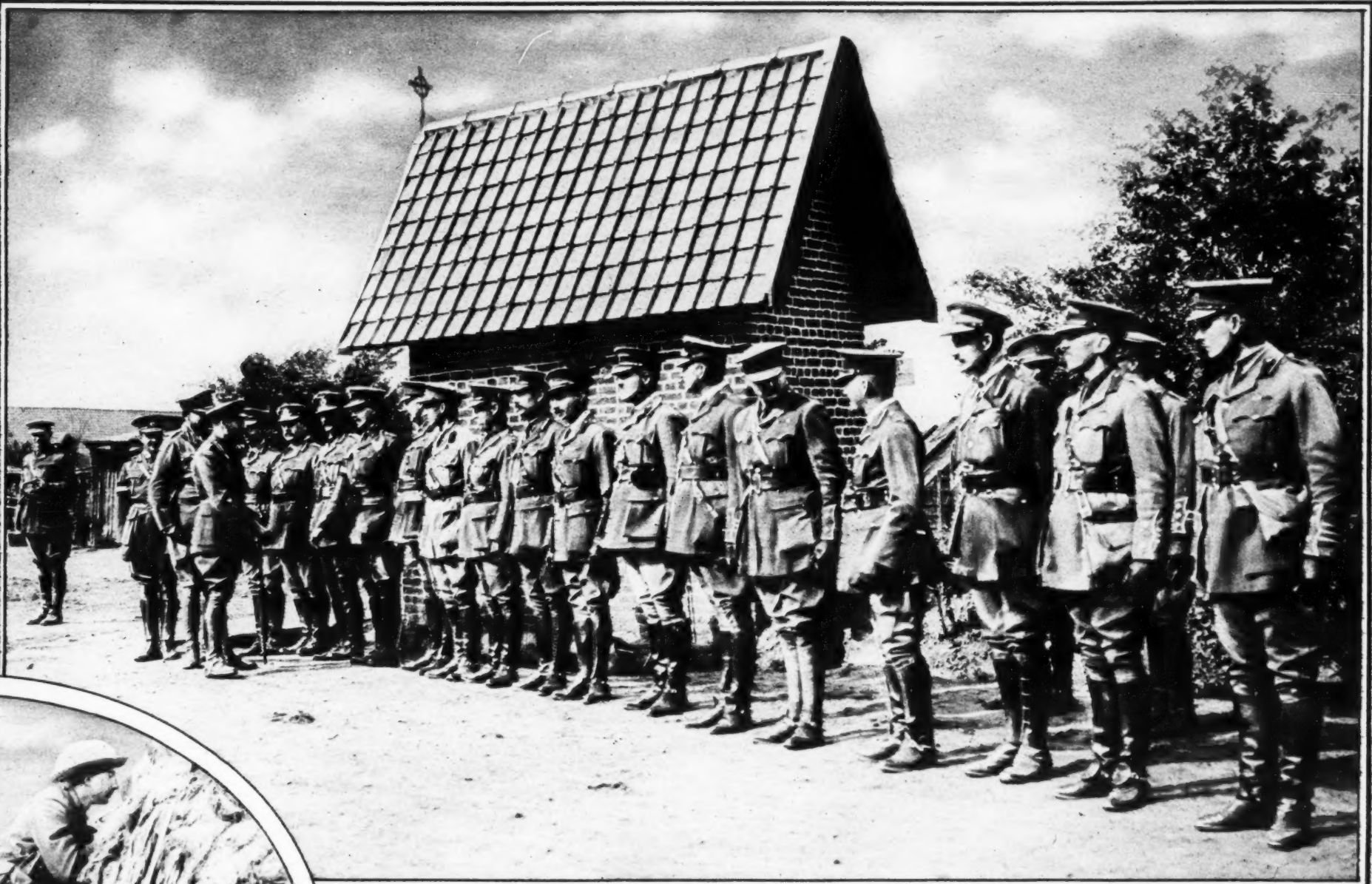
Canadians on sentry duty

(Photos © International

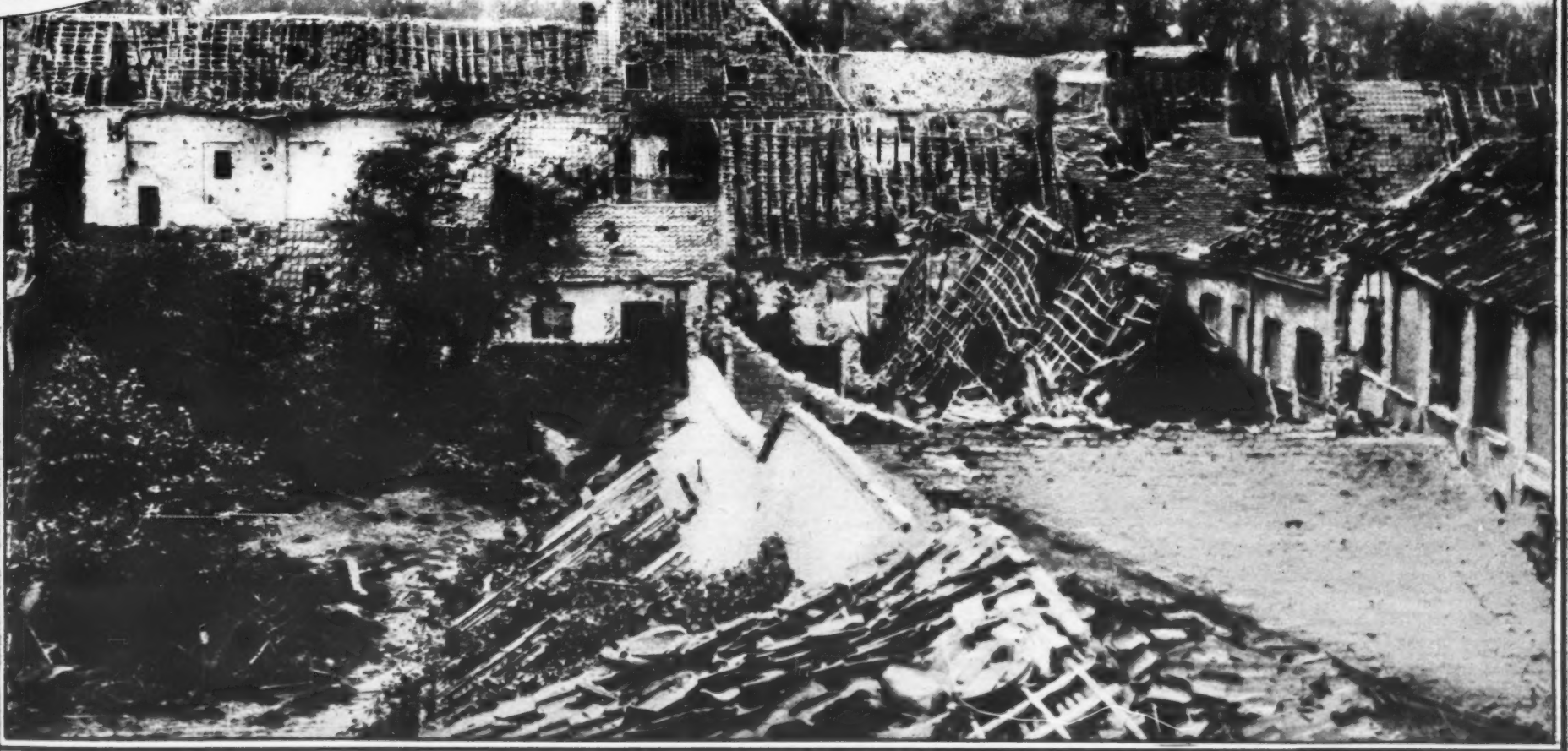
in a
News

THURSDAY,
OCTOBER 5, 1916.

BRITISH TRENCHES ON THE SOMME FRONT



THE YOUNG STAFF OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN CORPS ARE INTRODUCED TO THEIR KING.

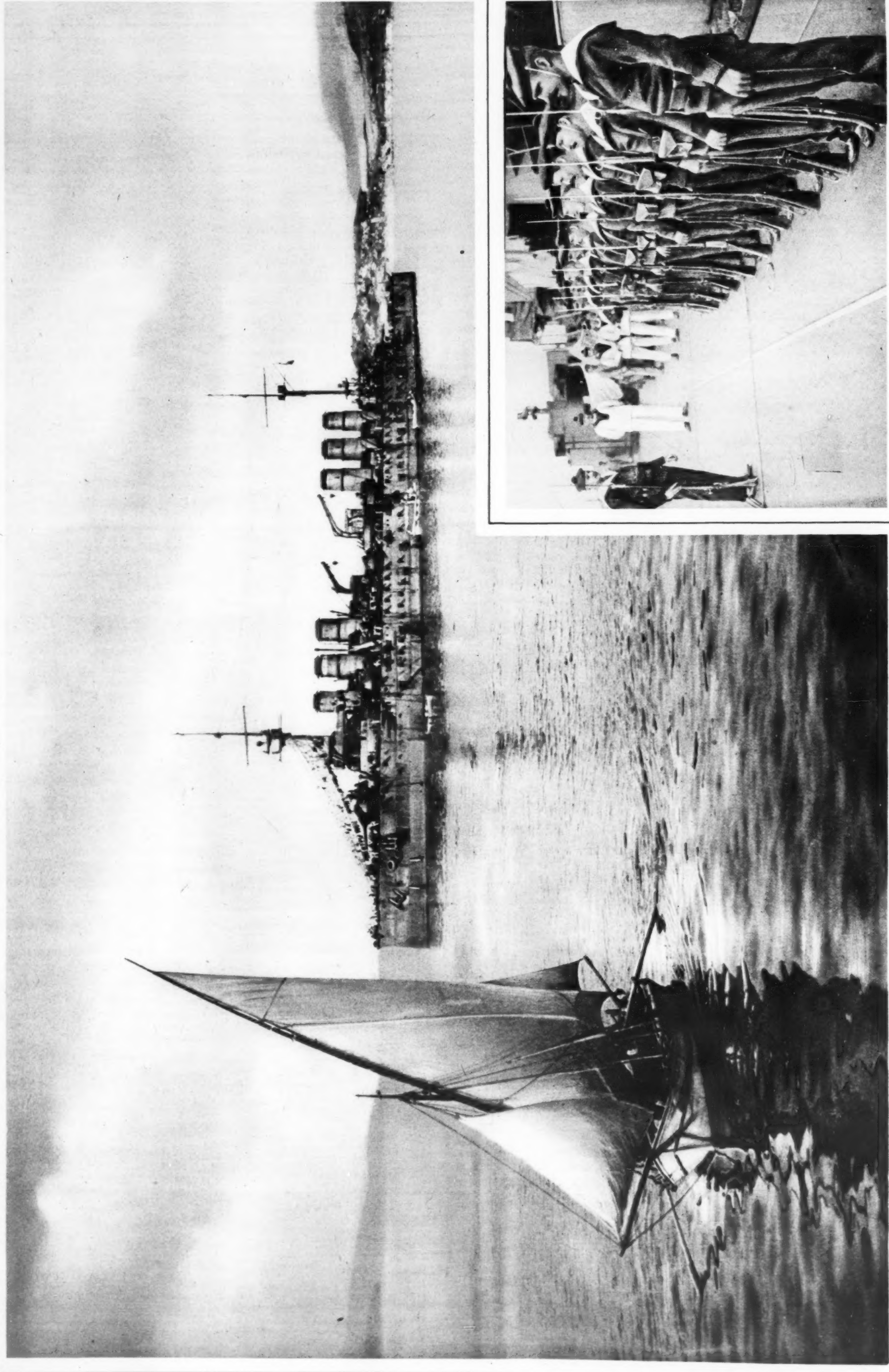


in a first-line trench.
(News Service.)

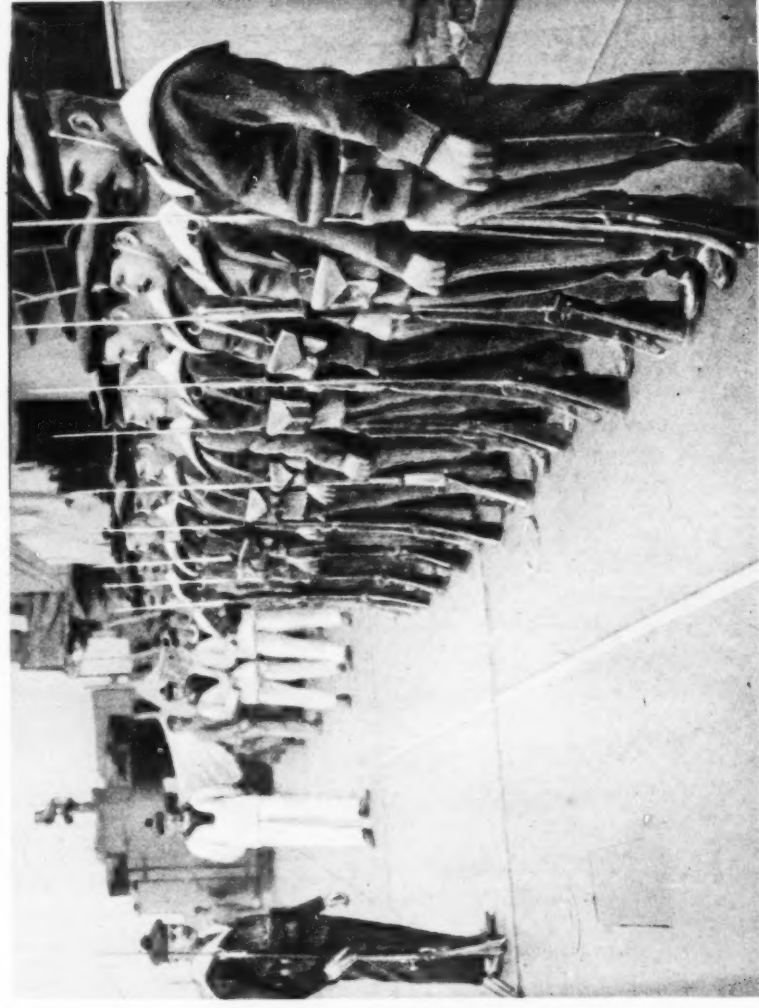


A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CANADIAN OFFICIAL RECORDS
SHOWING A RUINED PICARDY VILLAGE, (IN OVAL).

WITH THE FRENCH NAVY IN THE AEGEAN SEA



THE BATTLESHIP L'ERNEST RENAN IN THE HARBOR OF CORFU.

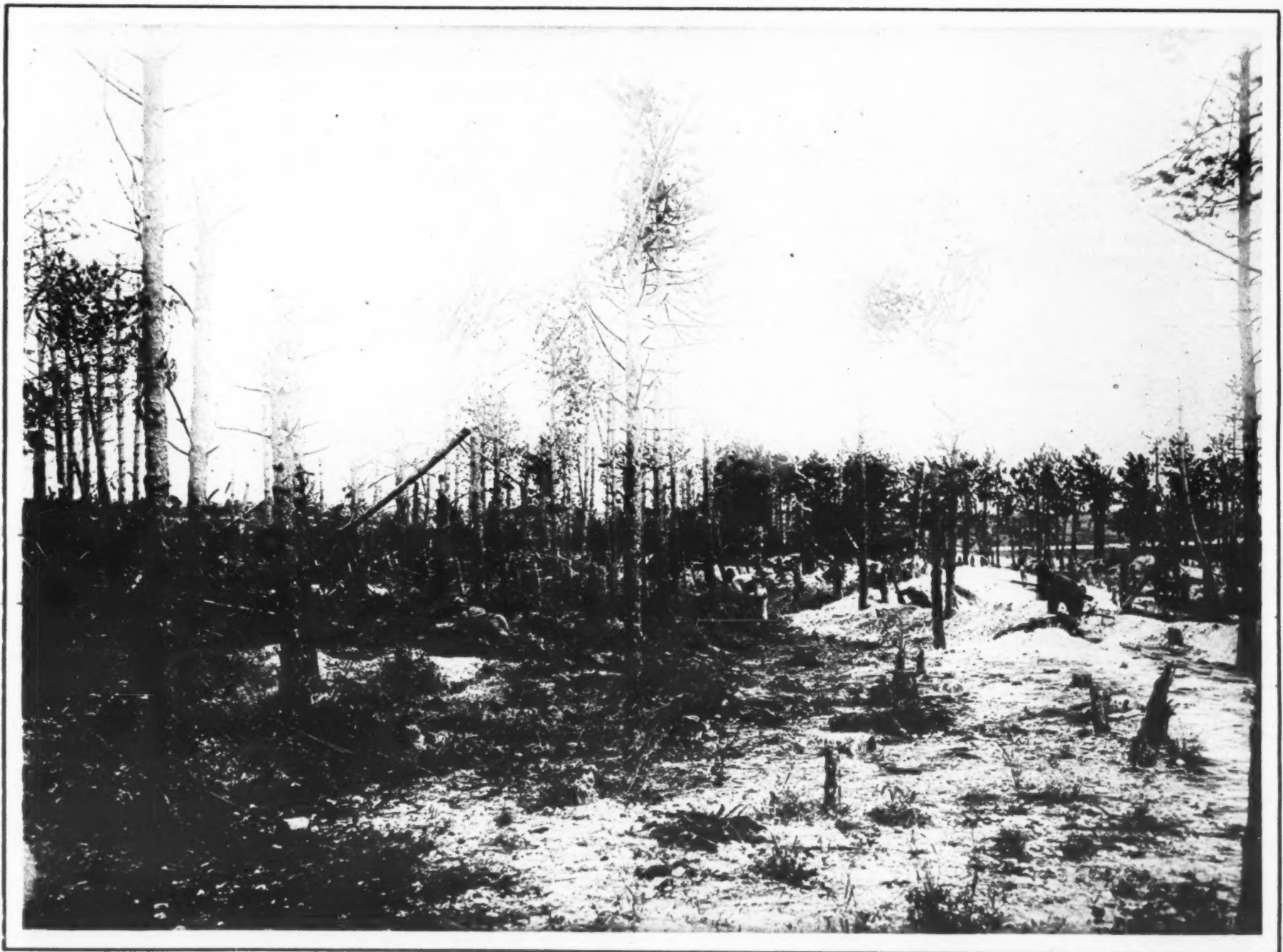


A GUARD OF MARINES FROM THE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

A Raid by the Russian Troops in France



Volunteers starting out from the Russian lines in Champagne for a raid on the German lines seen on the other side of the barb wire defenses. Six started, and all returned, bringing back six prisoners with them.



Another striking picture of the same raid toward the German lines; the men are seen climbing out of large shell holes or crawling through the underbrush.

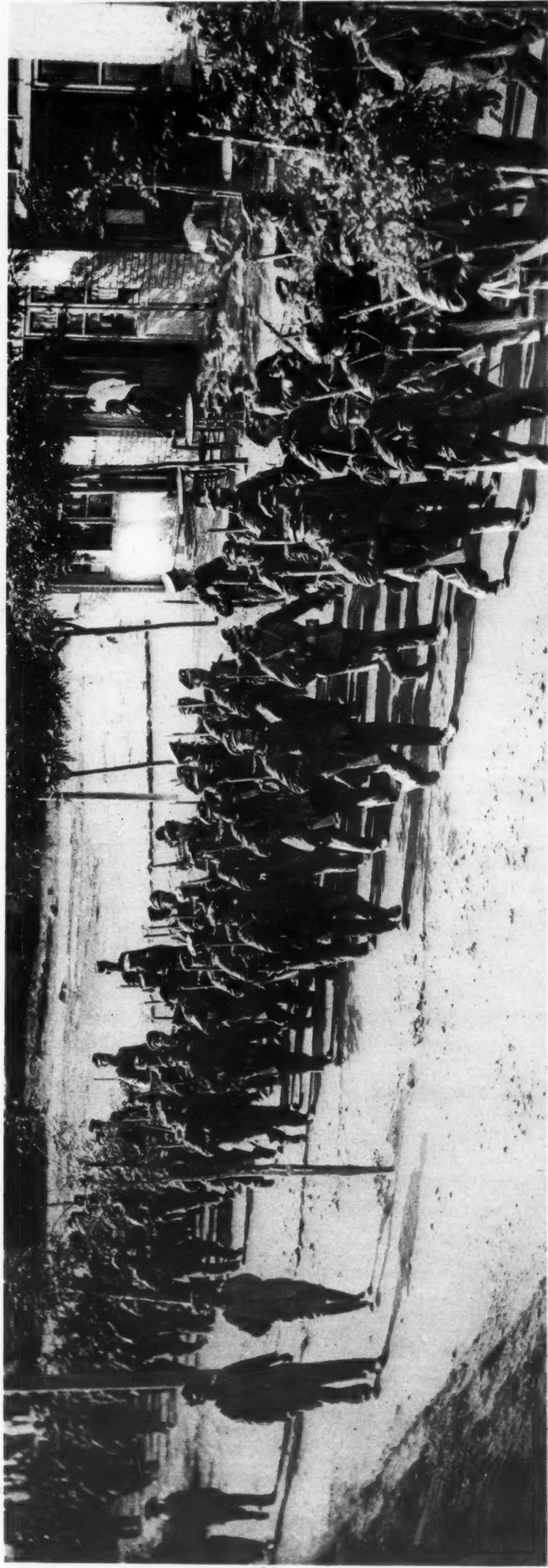
(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)

W IN ATHENS AFLAME WITH WAR FERVOR W



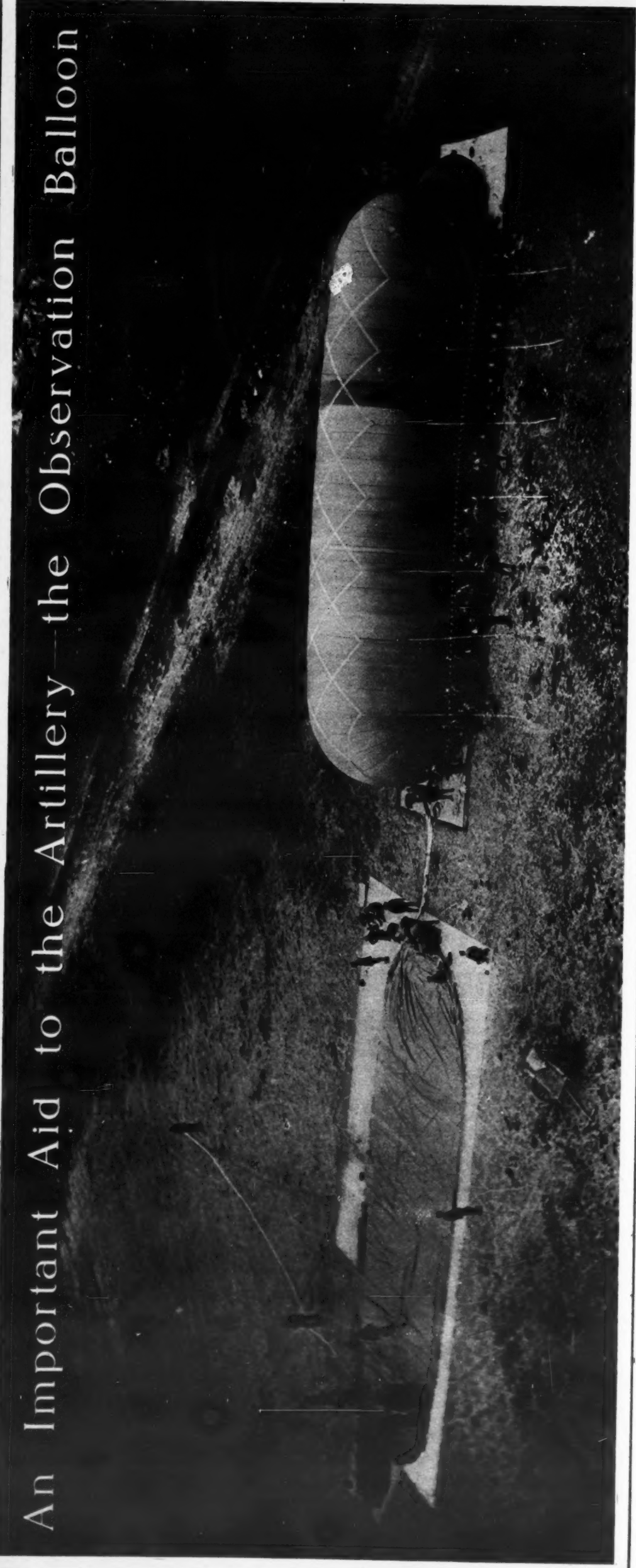


CONSTITUTION SQUARE AND THE ROYAL PALACE AT ATHENS WITH THE POPULACE IN LINE WAITING TO SEE KING CONSTANTINE.
(© Underwood & Underwood.)



MEN OF GREECE! A TROOP OF KING CONSTANTINE'S ARMY WHICH IS HIGHLY ORGANIZED AND READY FOR GREECE'S ENTRY INTO THE WAR.
(© Central News Service.)

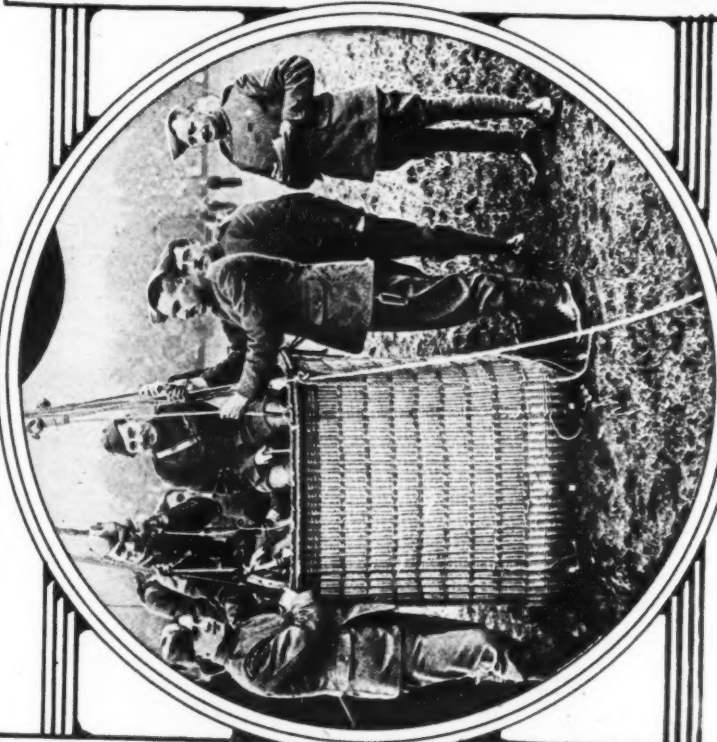
An Important Aid to the Artillery—the Observation Balloon



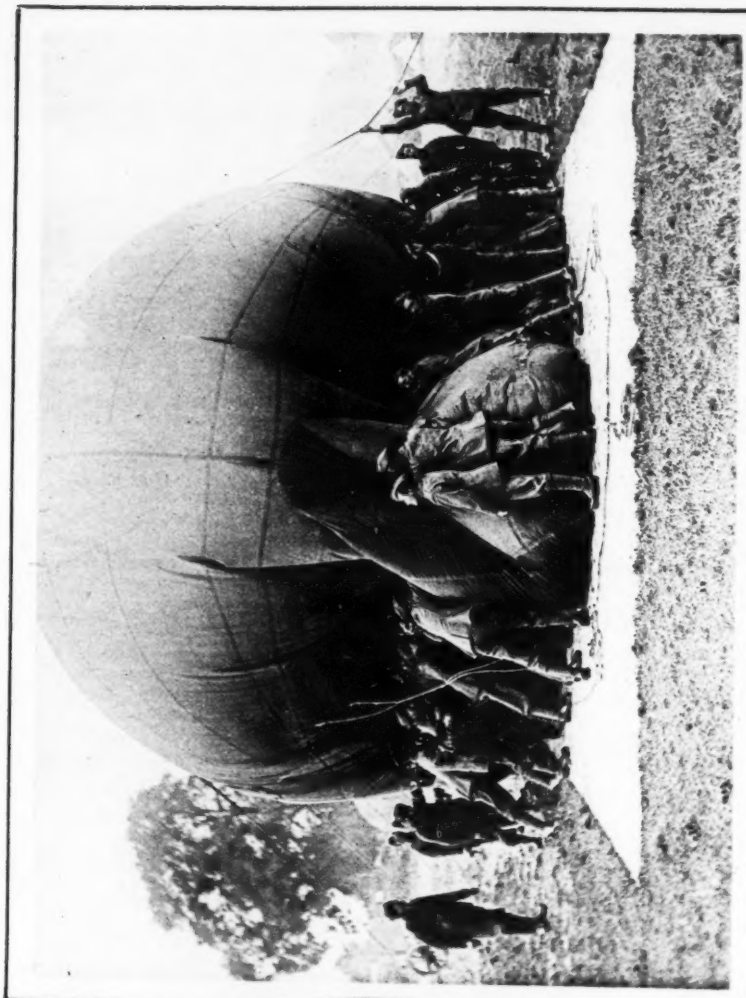
A BRITISH BALLOON OF THE SAUSAGE TYPE PARTIALLY INFLATED, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ANOTHER BALLOON.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



The telephone wire unwinding while the operator receives and transmits the message from the observers up in the balloon.



Two British observers in the basket beneath a balloon about to ascend. It is the work of these "spotters" to direct and guide the artillery fire, and to observe the enemy.



Preparing the balloon for the ascension; deflating one envelope by pushing in the stem and gradually forcing the gas into the outer envelope.

Two American Inventions Recently Much Written About



The American road tractor of the "Caterpillar" variety, long used in this country for transport purposes, which has become the basis for the British "tank" or "Willy" armored motor car.



The Lewis gun, mounted on the wheel of an ammunition cart, is here being employed as an anti-aircraft weapon by the British on the West front.
(Central News Photo Service.)



The Lewis gun, the invention of Colonel Isaac Newton Lewis, U. S. A., retired, has been acclaimed as one of the finest rapid-fire guns in the world. It is here being used as a first-line defense weapon by a British soldier in a trench in Northern France.
(Photos © International Film Service.)



A "Caterpillar" tractor in use by the United States Army, helping in construction work on a reservation in the West.
(Underwood & Underwood.)

WHEN GREAT SHELLS SHATTER ALL R



BOMBARDMENT OF GERMAN LINES IN THE WEST BY HEAVY TRENCH MORTARS.



HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS HURLED FROM BRITISH GUNS
BEFORE SALONIKI BURSTING OVER BULGAR POSITIONS.

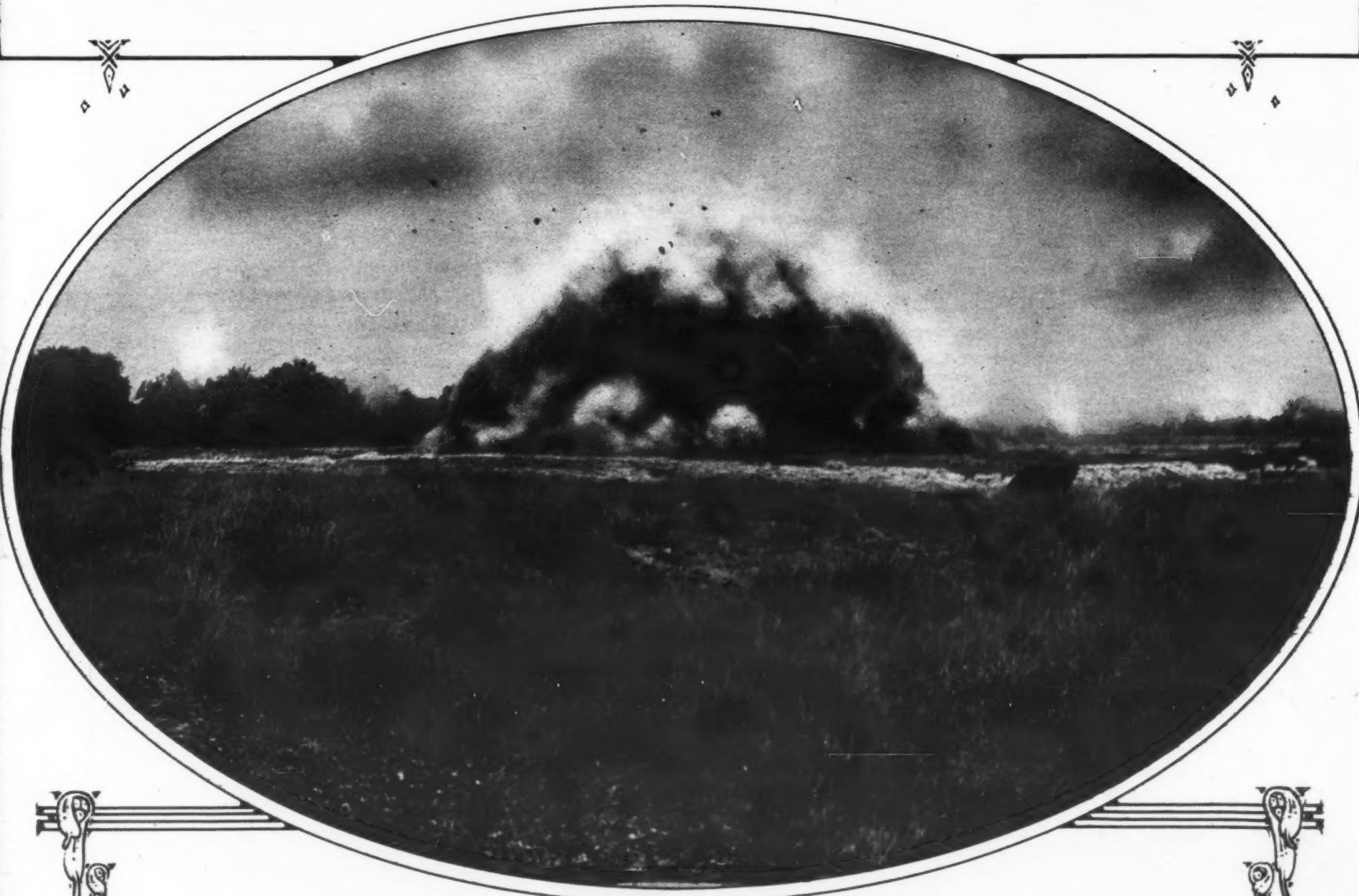
(Official Photographs)

THURSDAY,
OCTOBER 5, 1916.

ALL RESISTANCE—PHASES OF EXPLOSION



SHELLS FROM HUGE GERMAN MORTARS BREAKING ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE.



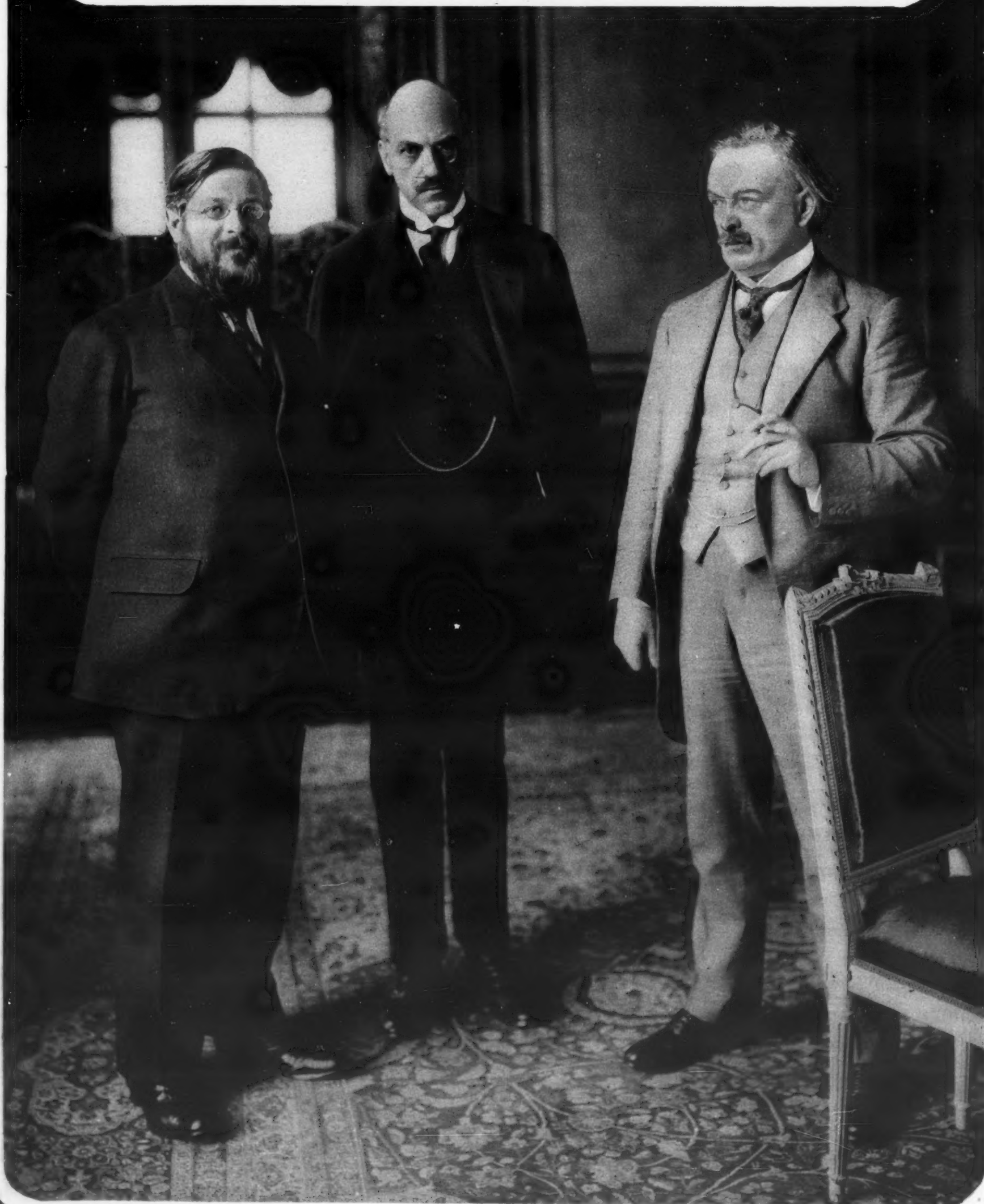
THE EXPLOSION OF A TREMENDOUS EARTH MINE SET OFF BY
THE FRENCH ON THE GERMAN LINES IN THE SOMME.

© International News Service.)

An Anglo-French Conference on Munitions

Recently Mr. Lloyd George, the British Secretary of State for War, with Mr. E. S. Montagu, the British Minister of Munitions, held a conference in Paris with the French Minister of War, General Roques, and the French Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas, on the subject of guaranteeing a continuance of the abundant supply of war munitions so necessary to the success of the Allies' offensive. In the photograph, which was made at the end of a dinner tendered the British envoys by Premier Briand, Mr. Montagu stands in the centre, with M. Thomas on his right and Mr. Lloyd George on his left.

(Pach Photo News, Inc.)



Albania's Wild Mountains and Wilder Men

By Charles Johnston



THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY AROUND DIBRA, ALBANIA; THE OLD BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER DRIN IS SUPPOSED TO BE OF VENETIAN ORIGIN.

THE dominating word among the gaunt Albanian hills is ghak, the terrible word "blood," as the central principle of their code of honor. Let us suppose that an Albanian father, having betrothed his infant, or even his yet unborn daughter to a youth of a certain family, later changes his mind and gives her to another: a blood-feud is instantly created, first between the father and the family of the first youth, and second between the families of the unsuccessful and the successful suitors. Habitually, the men go about armed with rifles and belts of cartridges, and shoot at sight, not openly as in a duel, but from ambush, behind one of the rocks among their mountains. And the obligation to shed enemy blood weighs on a man pitilessly, robbing him of every shred of personal and social consideration, and covering him with visible shame and ignominy if he neglects it, and fails to "wash his honor clean" in the blood of his enemy. Families are undivided, with a single clan life, especially among the Ghegs, the tribes of the north. So, in the case of the girl given to another than her first betrothed, his family will try, at the earliest moment, to shoot down and kill—for in this ghastly game only deaths count; the heaviest wounds go for nothing unless they end in death—a male member of the girl's family, and also a male member of the family of the successful bridegroom. Let us say that they succeed; is the plague of blood then stayed? By no means; for each of these families is now under the obligation of blood against his family, and will not rest at night until they



STURDY PEASANT WOMEN FROM SOUTHEASTERN ALBANIA.
(Medem Photo Service.)

have shot and killed two or more male members of the first family, thus shifting the blood debt to them. Thus it befalls that, throughout the thin valleys among the Albanian cliffs and precipices, the blood-feud rages ceaselessly; almost every clan is "in blood"—under a blood-debt—to almost every other family or clan; and for the debt, no matter by which member of the family incurred, the whole family is liable, whether to shoot or to be shot. It is not "lawlessness" in the common sense; on the contrary, it is the most rigid obedience to the old, ferocious law of retaliation, the primitive law of almost every nation; and this still primitive, untouched people, that has hidden from all progress among the Albanian hills, is rigidly, devoutly, chivalrously faithful to that primeval law.

Albania, as it existed just before the great war broke out, was in size almost exactly equal to Vermont, and of much the same shape; but with about twice the population. Imagine the State of the Green Mountains largely denuded of timber and filled with a double measure, not of New England farmers, but of Kentucky feudists, and you have Albania; or take an equal area of mediaeval Scotland, in the days when the clan system was forever breaking out in furious inter-tribal assassinations, and you have Albania again. There are no cities which are genuinely Albanian; Scutari and Avlona and Durazzo were built by others; by the old Romans or modern Italians; by ancient or modern Greeks. The genuine Albanians dwell only in their rudely built rock fortresses

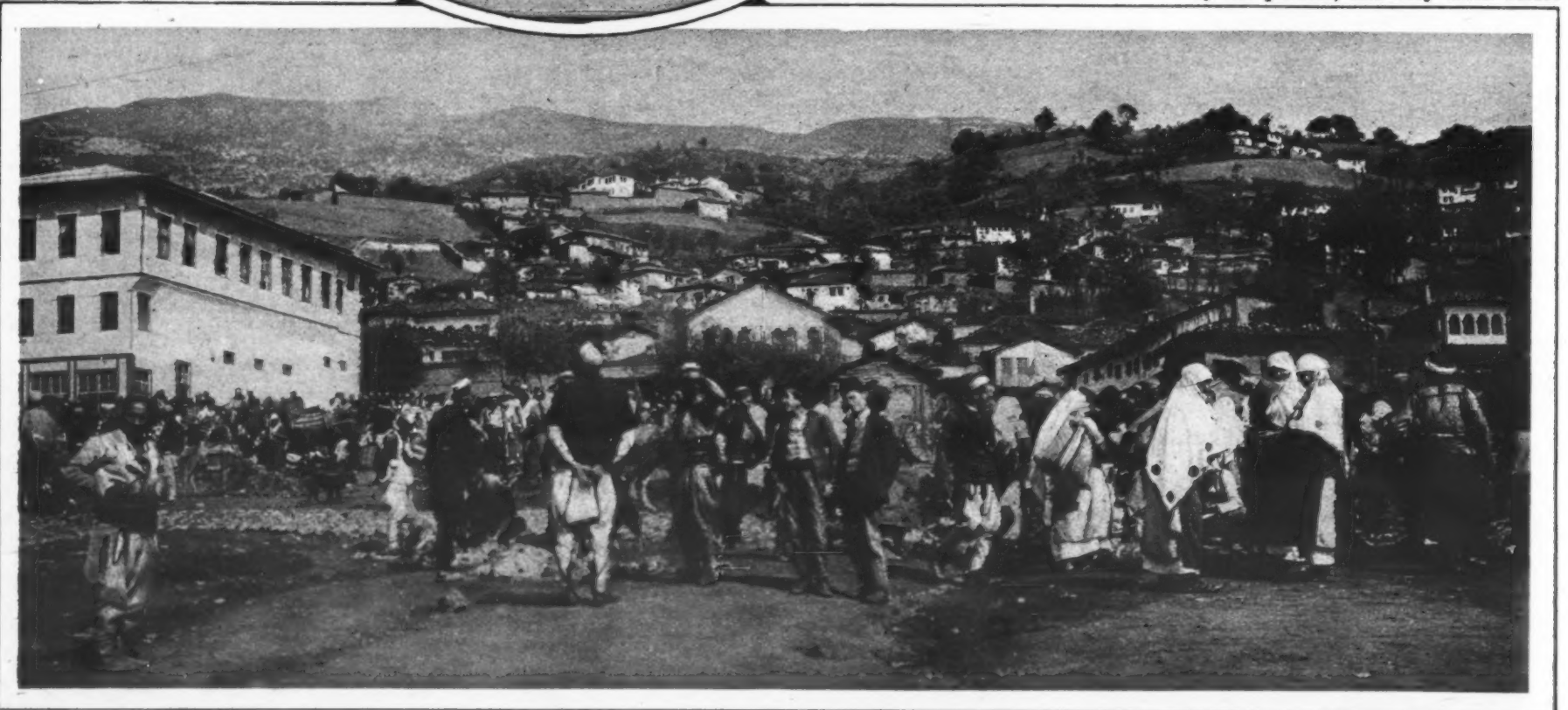


HIGH
UP ON
THE
SNOW-
CLAD
HILLS
STANDS
THIS
AUSTRIAN
SENY ON
THE FRONTIER
OF SERBIA, AL-
BANIA AND MON-
TENEGRO.

where they lurk by day and prowl by night, furiously prosecuting their implacable, never-ending blood-feuds. The natives do not think of them as "feuds," however; they think of them as serious moral and social obligations, which a man is bound to pay or lose his honor.

The name "Albanian" would have no meaning at all for any native Albanian unless he had heard one of his Serb or Austrian or Italian neighbors use it, and had had it explained to him. In the native tongue the mountain land is called Skypanie, and the people Sky-petar; but even these names would sound remote and unfamiliar to the men and women of the rock-fortresses among the hills. They have not got beyond the stage of thinking of themselves as members of a tribe rather than of a people; even members of a family. It is probable that the red Indians of the plains, a century ago, had clearer notions of tribal unity than most of the Albanians have today. And the family groups are important chiefly because of their relation to the marriage laws. The tribes are patriarchal; that is, they are held together by the fact, or the belief that all the men of the tribe are descended from a common forefather; and, so far as the men are concerned, this relationship is absolutely binding. And no man may take a wife from his own family group or clan. He must go outside the clan for his bride; must go through a ceremony which goes back to the old days when wives were captured from the enemy. And the girl, once she is married to him, ceases absolutely to belong to her father's tribe and becomes a member of the tribe of her father-in-law. We have the survival of exactly the same thing in our custom of giving to a woman when she marries the surname of her husband, or, more correctly, the name of her husband's forefather, into whose tribe she is admitted by marriage. Theoretically, we are wrong in giving the title of father-in-law to the bridegroom's father. Strictly, it belongs only to the new father of the bride, whose former relations then cease to be her relations. In Albania that cessation is so complete that all her former relationships are forgotten. No one counts them or pays any attention to them. All this is according to "the Laws of Lek," which are, for the people of Skypanie, like "the laws of the Medes and Persians," unalterable.

All Albanian marriages are settled by the parents, and very often before



THE MOUNTAIN RANGE WHICH DIVIDES ALBANIA FROM LOWER SERBIA. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE MARKET-PLACE OF DIBRA.
(Medem Photo Service.)

the children are born. There are absolutely no romantic love matches such as are so common, for example, among the people of Rumania. And, once the marriage has been arranged for, it is absolutely impossible for the future bridegroom to back out, no matter how ugly and unattractive to him the assigned bride may be. If he were to refuse, he would thereby plunge his family into a blood-feud with the girl's family, every man of whom would hold it a solemn obligation to shoot him at sight, or to shoot at sight any male member of his family; for, among the Albanian hills, all responsibilities are collective.

The girl has a theoretical right to refuse, but she must, in that case, solemnly and publicly declare her entire and final renunciation of marriage. She then becomes a kind of theoretical neuter, and generally makes this evident by wearing garments like those of her brother; a kind of pajama suit, with headgear which reminds one of



Struga, in Albania, at the northern end of Lake Ochrida, and the headwaters of the Black Drin River.



The costumes worn by the peasants in this Albanian meat market (the meat is deposited on the open ground) betoken their Bulgarian origin. The Bulgars are farmers of the Balkans.

that of the Arabs. And the name pajama is not inappropriate, for that useful garment was borrowed from the Mohammedans by the English in India, as the name still shows, meaning, in Hindustani "leg-wear." And from the same Mohammedans it was brought to the Balkans and to the Albanian hills.

A wild group of tribes and clans, so separated among themselves, could have no strong nationality, no united power of self-defense. So, when the Ottoman Turks invaded the peninsula and defeated the Serbian and Bulgarian armies at Kossovo, in 1389, the men of the western hills were not long independent. They had two famous leaders, George Castriote and Skander Beg; but, for the most part, they have been turbulent subjects of the Turks, generally furnishing the bodyguard of the Sultan. At present they are equally turbulent subjects of Austria, which occupied their country during the earlier months of the great war. But there will be no peace among their mountains until they are able of themselves to frame some kind of national government, under one central chief.



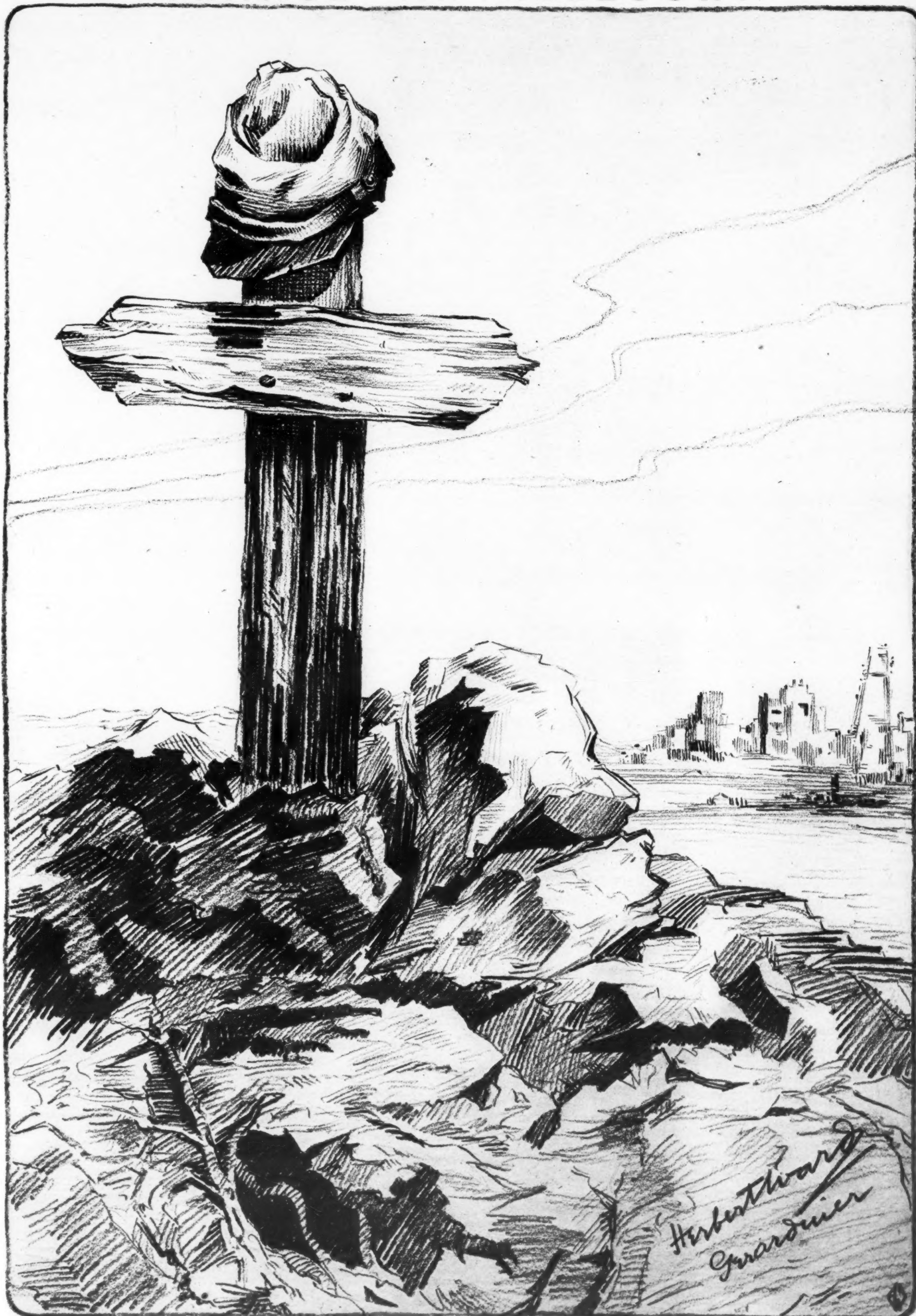
A RIVER AND MOUNTAIN BARRIER TO CONQUEST; THE VALLEY OF THE DRIN AND THE BACKBONE OF ALBANIA'S EASTERN BORDER.
(Medem Photo Service.)

HOW THE ALLIES' BALKAN BASE LOOKS TO THE AIRMAN



THIS UNIQUE VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT SECTION OF SALONIKI, SHOWING THE SHIPPING IN THE BAY AND ROADS LEADING FROM THE CITY TO THE ALLIED CAMPS BEYOND, WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN OBSERVER IN A FRENCH MILITARY SEAPLANE.
(Press Illustrating Co.)

FRANCE—AN ALLEGORY



ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE HER SOLDIER SONS HAVE GLADLY LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES IN ORDER THAT THEIR BELOVED LAND MAY LIVE IN FREEDOM—SUCH IS THE MESSAGE OF THIS ENGLISH ARTIST'S SYMBOLIC DRAWING.

Redrawn for The New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial.

Where the Germans Are, In France, Where T



In this map we have placed side by side, for the sake of comparison, the line of the furthest German advance into France—as it existed before the battle of the Marne, the present intrrenched line, and the line to which, according to the neutral military experts, the Germans may be forced to retreat if they are unable to stem the present advance of the Allies, (see the legend in the upper right corner of the

They Were, and Where They May Fall Back



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map.) The shaded area south of Arras indicates the territory recovered by the Allies in their Somme offensive, and shows how the curve which projected into the Allies' territory has been reversed, so that it is now thrust into the country held by the Germans.

(Drawn for The Mid-Week Pictorial; © 1916.)